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VERMONT TRANSCRIPT,

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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Selected Poetry.

ELEGY.

The following lines were written by the late Col. Peter A. Porter, of the Niagara New York regiment, on hearing in Europe some years since, of the death of his near friend, Mr. George S. Emerson, of Boston. Colonel Porter himself fell in the battle on the 3d of June, and, it has been remarked, finds his own best elegy in the lines which he wrote upon the loss of his early friend:

I met our friend upon a foreign shore,
And asked of thee; they told me thou wert dead.
My lips repeat:—"He is no more—no more,"
'Twas all I said.

Yet sank my spirit in me, and there went
A strange confusion o'er my saddened brow,
I could not pierce God's infinite intent;
I cannot now.

I only know that He who in thy birth
Had shadow'd forth himself, though faint and dim,
Decreed how long thou should'st remain on earth:
How long with Him.

And now there comes that Phantom of the Past,
Rousing my soul with its elastic prime;
I see thee still as I saw thee last;—
In that glad time;—

Radiant in beauty of the form and mind,
And young renown of Academic strife,
Joy lay around; a stainless life behind;
Before thee—life;—

A high priest standing in the temple's space
Ere yet the sacrificial rites begin,
A giant waiting for the glorious race
He is to win.

We thought eternal tablets would record
Thy name with theirs who, since the world began,
With an immortal strength, and toil and word,
Have wrought for man.

We thought—alas! what thought we not of good,
Of all that hope or promise e'er begat;
Of all save early doom—oh, friend! how could
We think of that.

We could not see the shadows close the round;
We could not know prophetic cypress shed
Funereal perfume for the wreath that bound
"So dear a head."

We could not think the light that from afar
We deem'd prelusive of the coming sun,
Was but the parting radiance of his car,
When day was done.

But now I know too well a light's withdrawn
That made this gloomy earth for me more fair;
A perfume's fled and gentle influence gone
That soothed my care.

And yet not wholly gone; through life's sad vale
Thy soul—now prompting to resemble thee,
And now in sad monition when I fail—
Shall walk with me.

With me! oh yes! but not with me alone,
For in the fair companionship of youth
Others than I have fondly felt and known
Thy love and truth;

Have drunk at learning's font with thee, and seen
How Doubt's dark depths and Thought's wild surge above,
Thy mild-eyed faith, so pure and so serene,
Soared like a dove.

Enough; what might have been is not; no more
Shall I return thy grasp, and seek thy glance.
Perchance we meet on heaven's eternal shore;
Alas! perchance!

Selected Miscellany.

PARSON DOVE'S STORY.

"You must be lonely here, my dear. This is not a very lively place, and you have always lived in the city," said the old minister of W——, as I stood at the gate of the parsonage.

I confessed that he was right; and certainly, of all stupid places W—— was the most stupid, though I did not tell him that, of course.

"You'd like something to read, would you not?" was the next query. "Ah! I thought so. Well, my dear, I'll lend you one of my old sermons, on which I pride myself. Quite a doctrinal sermon on predestination. I'll go and find it at once;" and away he trotted in his ministerial looking dressing-gown, up the parsonage stairs, which might have been broader, and into the little front study, which had it been more convenient and better furnished, would have reflected more credit on the congregation. He came down again at once, with a paper parcel tied with tape, gave it to me, and shook hands with me over the gate with a smile. But when, coming to the end of the lane, I turned about for a moment, I saw him looking after me, shaking his head and wiping his spectacles in the most incomprehensible manner. I concluded, after reflection, that he did not approve of a pink dress, and thought that curls and a round hat, with flowers in it, were vanities, and being of a mild and pitiful instead of a vindictive nature, shook his head and wept instead of scolding. He was very old, you must remember—over seventy.

...ited a sk the sermon home, and sitting
containing five chamber window, com-
kitchen. One of these task of reading it,
priest's study; in another by no means
meals; in the third he slept; the I untied
was the room of the old bonne, or
housekeeper, who was his only servant; the fifth, fitted up with a bed and a few chairs, formed a spare room in which any brother clergyman coming from a distance, or any stranger who happened to visit the cure, could sleep.

are very apt to be misled by our imagination, and that the eye makes its own beauty. But no one could have thought her anything but pretty, standing by the garden gate with her apron full of wild flowers, and her curls lifted by the wind, dancing round her forehead like a swarm of golden bees.

"My daughter Rose," said her father, and she put her little white hand into mine as a child might have done, just as simply and prettily, so that it was very hard for me to shake it and let it go instead of keeping it. But there was somebody else to shake hands also, and he, standing on the other side of Deacon Olmstead, put out his long, lank fingers, in black silk gloves, and performed the ceremony which he always went through with when any one offered to shake hands with him, and which could not have been agreeable to anything but the village pump.

"Mr. Bitterworth," said Deacon Olmstead, waving his hand towards my companion with impressment. "Mr. Dove," and he glanced at me. Who should say he is of no importance.

"Is tea ready, my dear?

She replied that tea was ready, and we went into the handsome, old-fashioned house, for we both were going to take tea with Deacon Olmstead, and, moreover to spend the night beneath his roof, having come to W—— on church business; Deacon Olmstead making a point of always entertaining two young ministers on such occasions.

The Rev. Benjamin Bitterworth was much older than I, and much more important every way. I had been lately called to a struggling little church, exceedingly unfortunate in the way of difficulties and debts, where the congregation seldom paid any salary, and always considered themselves ill-used by the minister, who, in turn, was somehow always injured by a personage called Elder Bagshaw, and somebody was always accused of misappropriating the church funds—I never could discover what they were. And the Rev. Silas Snow, having taken French leave in great disgust, the congregation had called for an enterprising young minister, and I had been selected. But for Benjamin Bitterworth a warm nest had been ready, and every one predicted him immense success. His was a country church, also, but it was a rich one, and he had friends and influence, and everything which I had not. Deacon Olmstead showed that he knew this by every glance of his eye and every tone of his voice.

But Rose Olmstead—who, her father being a widower, was mistress of the house—exhibited no such partiality. On the contrary, I think she liked me best; and though Benjamin Bitterworth, long and lank (I hope it was not envy that made me think so very plain), leaned across the table to talk to her in his oily tones over and over again, somehow she always returned to our conversation as often as she could, and made me very happy with her girlish prattle.

She knew the village which had been my boyhood's home, and had seen and spoken to a sister of mine, dead years before, so we found many thing in common. But even had we had none, had we spoken in language unintelligible to each other, I am sure that to have sat besides Rose Olmstead, with her eyes looking into mine, not boldy, only frankly, would have been worth the most eloquent words that ever fell from any other woman's lips.

It was a very happy evening; for afterwards, in the gloaming, we went out upon the porch, and she took me down to see the roses in the garden and the honysuckle arbor over the little seat where she sat every afternoon at work, and we staid so long that Deacon Olmstead came down after us, and scolded Rose for wetting her feet with the dew, and had something of great moment to say to me, so that Benjamin Bitterworth offered his arm to Rose to escort her through the garden, while I walked on behind with her father.

We went back to the porch after that, and into the parlor, and soon there were family prayers and a genial good-night. But it being a bright summer evening, with all the windows open, I sitting at mine and looking at the moon, heard some one singing and knew that of all that houehold, it could be only Rose. It was a sad song and a sweet one—a farewell, with a plaintive fall in it that was very touching, and (I need not be ashamed to own it at seventy) knelt down beside the window, and with my head upon my hand, shed tears, thinking what if I were that departing lover, and Rose Olmstead sung that farewell song to me. Do we never unconsciously reach the future? Sometimes I think so.

As we walked away to the stage the next morning, Benjamin Bitterworth wore a queer smile upon his face, and rubbed his long black gloves as though something pleased him mightily. At last he said to me, in his oily tones, with a peculiar affection of accent which it had pleased him to adopt:

"Brother Dove, I want to ask your opinion on an important subject."

This was odd, My opinion had never been considered of any importance before, but I bowed my head and waited.

"Do you believe, Brother Dove, that Rose Olmstead would make a good clergyman's wife?"

That was the question. My cheeks flushed scarlet. My heart beat loudly.
ker turned towards Benjamin and
clared full in the face,
supper, he had ... would make a good
who had told him she ... might be fortu-
own, to tie round her head
night. He could not account ... I an-

vated his eyebrows. "We were not speaking of love, I believe," he said, "but of fitness. We should put the vanities of this carnal world out of the question when *we* look for wives, Brother Dove."

I made him no answer this time, and we walked on in silence for many moments, when Benjamin again spoke.

"I believe that she would be admirably fitted for the position," he said, "and I intend to act upon the belief. I have been resolved to marry for several years, and Deacon Olmstead's daughter appears to have excellent qualities. I shall offer her my hand."

"Perhaps she will not accept."

I said it angrily. My voice was not under my control at that moment. Benjamin Bitterworth understood me—I saw that in his cold black eye, but he answered without emotion—

"Her father would decide that, I think. He is a man of judgment, and *she* is an obedient daughter."

"Perhaps she might choose for herself," I answered.

"Perhaps," said Benjamin, "but I think she has been brought up well."

"You may have rivals." I continued.

"It is not consistent with my cloth to be any man's rival," replied Benjamin. "What I do, Brother Dove, I do from a sense of duty. I am not governed by carnal passions, and I hope you are not."

Pious words, and spoken with a solemn face, but I well knew that under that cloak Benjamin Bitterworth flung the gauntlet of defiance at my feet. We said no more, but went on towards the stage, he treading softly along the road on the tips of his polished boots, his thin lips sanctimoniosly pressed together, his black-gloved hands folded behind his back, while I, warmed and angry, put a strong restraint upon myself to walk beside him decorously.

After this day we met only under Deacon Olmstead's roof, but we met there often. I went thither to see Rose. I made no disguise of the fact. He, Benjamin Bitterworth, sat aloof, talking to her father as a general thing, and only now and then interposed between us, and then only, as it seemed, to prove his power. In whatever he did in this way he was aided and abetted by old Deacon Olmstead. I could see that plainly. But I also saw that Rose began to like me very much. In that I trusted, for, though a stern parent, Deacon Olmstead seemed to love his daughter.

Summer faded, and the roses in my darling's garden died with it. But there were scarlet dahlias, and Queen Margarets, and marigolds, blooming yet, and the maples about the house grew red in the autumn sunset in which I walked beside her, and a golden haze lay upon all things, and through it I looked at Rose and at the future. At last I spoke to her, saying something like this—

"I love you Rose,—I think I love you more than ever man loved woman. Can you love me well enough to be my wife?"

And the golden curls sank low upon my shoulder, and I gathered my darling up against my heart. We were in the garden then, beside a great elm, older than the house itself, and sheltered by it, we stood together, I supporting her, she leaning on my breast; and we saw nothing save each other's faces—heard nothing save each other's voices; and I took the little hand in mine and slipped a tiny ring upon the taper fingers—one that had been my mother's betrothal ring, and which, upon her dead-bed, she had given me, bidding me give it to the girl I loved upon the day she promised to marry me.

And so the sun went down, and the elm tree's shadow lay long and dark across the path, and, mingled with it, fell another shadow—that of Rose Olmstead's father. He came upon us suddenly, and found us standing together. Rose would have shrunk from me, but I would not let her go.

"She has promised to be my wife, sir," I said. "Give us your blessing. It is all we need to make us happy. You will give her to me, will you not? I love her very dearly."

The Deacon's face was like a stone. I could not read its import; but he drew his daughter towards him and stood between us.

"You have done wrong, Mr. Dove," he said, "very wrong. She is young and has but little judgment. I will speak to her alone; I should have spoken to her before, but I thought one of your profession could be trusted. Good evening. Come, Rose."

And he passed into the house, taking her with him; and as I left the garden, I saw Benjamin Bitterworth with his stately step and folded hands, making his way along the road.

The next day a boy came to my study with a note. It was from Deacon Olmstead, and summoned me to his dwelling. I went at once, and in the parlor found Rose, pale as a lily, sitting beside her father. She looked at me as I came in, for one moment, and then turned her face aside and hid it with her hand. She did not speak. Her father spoke for her.

"Were you older, Mr. Dove, I might be harsher, but I regard you both as very innocent and inexperienced. Had I known this baby-play of courtship was going on, it should have been stopped before. It is not too late, now. Rose sees her folly. She has resolved to obey me. Some trifle of yours—a ring, I believe,—she will return to you, and then you will part. Rose."

She left her seat as he turned toward her, and crossing the room, calmly and sadly laid the little betrothal ring on my hand.

"Good bye," she said. "I must obey papa. It is all over between us. ...ve, William."

But I could not be so calm. I caught her hand and turned towards the stern old man, with his iron face. "Do you remember youth?" I cried. "Do you know what you are doing?"

And he answered. "My duty, I hope. I shall endeavor to secure the best interest of my daughter. You will cease to urge the point when you hear that she is to marry the Rev. Benjamin Bitterworth a week from next Sunday."

"Marry him!" I cried. "Rose, have you consented to this? Are you false to me? Have you—"

He checked me with a solemn wave of the hand.

"You have done your best to fill my daughter's head with folly," he said, "but you have not succeeded. She knows now that this romantic talk about truth, and falsehood, and love, and soforth, is not fit for real life—not modest or maidenly. She has chosen for her protector one of more mature judgment, and I am very glad of it."

"Rose," I cried. "Is this true? Have you, of your own free will, chosen him?"

"My father has commanded me," was the answer, "and I must obey."

I turned from her and fled from the room and the house, mad and blind with grief and indignation.

"She is not what I thought her," I said.—"She has been won by gold. My poverty has lost her to me."

Yet I loved her still, and the world seemd dark and desolate. I hated the broad sunlight and the calm twilight, and the hour when the moon, broad and yellow, rose from behind the purple hills. I had wild thoughts of wandering away and hiding myself from the eye of mortal man, and was thankful that excitement made me really so ill that, on the Sunday of the wedding, I had ample excuse for deserting my pulpit, and, having procured a substitute, spending the day in my own room. This, at least, was my intention, but, as the hours crept on, an influence which I found it impossible to resist, urged me to leave the house and go across the fields, and through the village, to the church where Rose was to be married, and witness the ceremony. I think I was feverish—almost delirious. Surely a wise judgment would have led me to any other spot in the universe. But I went.

It was a wintry day, and the snow lay thickly on the country path I trod. It whitened the roofs and clung to the tall spire, from which the bell rung clear and sharp upon the frosty air. I listened to it. "Surely," I said, "some awkward hand is at the rope. It is more like the peal tolled for the dead than that rung for a merry wedding." But this might have been my fancy, for every thing look dark to me that day. I knew this was so, for as I set in a sheltered part of the gallery looking down, those who came in seemed to wear sad countenances and to exchange mournful whispers, yet still the thought that it was more like a funeral than a wedding would creep across my mind. "And so it is," I thought, the funeral of the brightest hopes—of every happy dream which I have cherished.

Then there was a whisper—a stir. The bride was coming. I should see her again. Could I bear it? I strained my eyes. How slowly they came—how gravely heads were bent; and they were dressed in black—in black, every one of them. I saw old Deacon Olmstead—I saw Benjamin Bitterworth. And what was this? Oh, merciful heavens! the bride was coming, not in bridal wreath and veil, blushing and beautiful, but cold and white as marble, lying beneath that sable pall, motionless, sightless, deaf to words of earthly love forevermore. Rose Olmstead was dead.

They who lifted me from the floor where I had fallen, told me that she had died the night before; that she had been failing for the last few days, and that on that night she had risen and knelt down to pray, it was believed, for they had found her kneeling with her face upon her hands, quite dead.

"Her heart is broken," the doctors said, and I believed them.

I was very ill after this—so ill that they thought I must die. But Death chose those who were happier, and left me; and I dwell now in the same old place, where I can sit beside my darling's grave in the twilight of the Sabbath eve—an old man weary with the weight of years. Yet I shall be young again sometime—young and happy in heaven with my lost one.

"Please, Miss, Mr. Dove says he's made a mistake. This here's the sermon on predestination, and that's suthing else."

The minister's little handmaid uttered these words as she pounced upon me through the door in her little blue sunbonnet. And I rolled up the manuscript and gave it back, and took the sermon in its place.

Hooker's Stratagem.—The latest method of capturing siege guns of which we have any account was achieved by Hooker in the recent operations near Dalton. Having failed to take a lunette defended by four guns by direct assault, his men being so near the earthworks that they were sheltered by them from the rebel sharpshooters, he kept his soldiers quiet until night, when the guns were taken by a "long pull and a strong pull." His pioneers, under cover of the darkness, quietly dug out the earth beneath the guns, threw drag-ropes with hooks over them, and drew out the guns from the bulwarks which they had defended, leaving to the occupants of the lunette no other alternative than to surrender to the federal troops who swarmed in at the openings. This is certainly a new way to capture a battery—short, sharp and effective.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

THE GAME OF BRAG.

It so happened last July, that I, a chance passenger between Liverpool and Manchester, with a return ticket for the day, found myself in a first class carriage, occupied by five gentlemen, playing at this redoubtable game; and without having the least desire to join them, I watched their proceedings with some attention, and was rewarded by witnessing what was admitted by all to be an unprecedented occurrence, and one well worthy, if not of immortal verse, at least of printed record. For the first twenty minutes, I should mention, they played whist—of course with two packs of cards—but upon the remonstrance of the gentleman who found himself cut out and obliged to make room for the fifth man at the railway rug, which was their card table, they changed that game to brag.

While my moral nature was shocked, I could not help being interested by the secretiveness of each competitor, by the air of confidence with which they backed an indifferent hand, by the affected hesitation with which they continued to brag upon a good one, and by, their close scanning of one anothers countenances, in which nothing but cunning and avarice were to be traced. And yet, in the sense of playing for high stakes, they were not gambling. A sovereign or thirty shillings was the most that had been lost by any person, when presently, the rest having thrown up their hands, two players began to back their cards at such considerable higher sums, as to arouse everybody's curiosity to know what they were staking on.

'Let me look at you, Jones,' cried one; 'I'm not playing, you know, and Smith will never be able to tell anything by my face.'

'That is true, my dear fellow,' replied Jones coolly. 'If want of expression could beget confidence, one could trust in your face as well as any man's. But I can't let you see my cards, Smith; I brag five pounds.'

'I brag ten,' was the response. 'And allow me to warn you as a friend not to back yourself extravagantly, for you'll lose, my Jones, and you're a family man.'

Here took place a burst of laughter; this was a new ruse indeed, to affect interest in the state of an adversary's pocket, in order to make him give in.

'Well,' replied Jones, 'you're a bachelor, it is true, but you connot afford to lose twenty-five pounds, and that is the amount of my next brag.'

'I brag twenty-five pounds also,' remarked Smith cheerfully.

'Then I will brag fifty pounds,' returned Jones; 'and rather than go on, I solemnly tell you, you should give a hundred to look at my hand.'

'I wouldn't give a farthing to look at your hand,' answered the other scornfully. 'I am really sorry to ruin you, but your obstinacy brings it upon yourself. You will have to part with Mrs. Jones' piano as it is, I expect.'

'Sir,' replied Jones with resolution, 'upon the cards which I hold here I would brag Mrs. Jones herself with the utmost confidence.'

'You had better not,' responded the bachelor darkly. And again there was a shriek of laughter from the audience who were not permitted to be spectators.

'Now my dear Smith, let us understand one another. If you continue to play this game, you will never ride in a first class carriage again. I should be sorry to be the means of driving you into the "parlimentary." Tell me how much money you can afford to lose without going to jail, and I will brag that.'

'I will brag two hundred and fifty pounds,' quoth Smith calmly; and you had better give me a bill of cash upon your fortune at once. I am quite sure you have not got so much in your banker's hands.

'I will brag five hundred, answered Jones with his teeth clenched. 'I will brag my house and garden; I will brag myself and my government situation. If instead of being in the express train, we were in the middle ages, and you were the Old Gentleman himself, I warn you that I would brag my soul.'

'Then you would loose it,' responded Smith, 'to a dead certainty, and I should have made a very indifferent bargain. Now, listen. Let the last brag of two hundred and fifty stand; and Robinson and Lloyd shall look at my hand, and Brown at yours. Then we will be bound by their advice and if they say to either of us 'Stop,' we will do so.'

'Very good,' quoth Jones; shewing his cards with a grim smile to his left hand neighbor. I would have given anything to have seen them also, but, being a stranger, I did not venture to ask to do so. 'Do you think, Brown, I ought to give in to Smith with a hand like this, or do you not?'

'It is quite impossible,' obsered Mr. Brown, solemnly, 'that any man should give up such cards. I think, under the circumstances, that I am almost justified in saying that Smith cannot win.'

'What do you say?' inquired Smith, turning the face of his cards to his two friends with the most careful secrecy, and watching for their reply with triumphant confidence.

'It's absurd,' quoth Mr. Robinson; you're sure of winning.'

'I would lay a thousand pounds upon such cards,' said Mr. Lloyd.

'Stop!' exclaimed Jones; 'I will brag a thousand pounds myself, and what he can't pay, I will let him off, after having sold his books and personal clothing. We are now getting close to Manchester. Let us each wrap up our cards in a newspaper, and go into the station, and get them sealed up; then we can call for them again in the evening, and brag all the way home. You miserable Smith! you set out this morning in competence and will return a beggar.'

'You will indeed,' corroborated Mr. Brown.

'Unhappy Jones,' quoth Smith; 'certainly those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. This morning, you probably complained of the kidneys being underdone at breakfast. To-morrow, your wife and children will be in want of daily bread.'

'They will indeed,' echoed Mr. Lloyd and Robinson.

'Gentlemen,' said I, 'it seems to me that this matter will never be settled except by arbitration. I have not the honor of the personal acquaintance of any of you, but I am an honest man; and if both of the players will shew their cards to me, I will tell them truly which ought to give in. This will be better and more pleasing, I am sure, whether to winner or loser, than the utter ruin of either of them can possibly be.'

'I am quite content with that arrangement,' observed Smith, 'although, of course, it is a pecuniary sacrifice.'

'You're a noble fellow!' exclaimed Messrs. Lloyd and Robinson, with irrepressible admiration.

'Then I am also content,' remarked Jones, 'although I needs must lose by such an arrangement.'

'Generous being!' exclaimed Brown enthusiasticly—'yes, he needs must lose.'

'I rose from my seat, and looked over Smith's cards. He had three aces—the best hand that any man can hold. I turned from him, with sorrow in my heart for the poor married man, and looked over Jones's cards. He had three aces also! When they left off playing whist, the white packs had got somehow mixed together, and so the two gentlemen had all their excitement for nothing. They had each enjoyed the luxury of running a friend, in immagination, and of being magnanimous at a cheap rate; and if it had not been for the interposition of the present writer, it is my belief that they would have been bragging still.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Important Decision.—In Allen's last volume of Massachusetts Reports there is a case which contains points of more or less interest to all towns and villages, an abstract of which we find in one of our exchanges:

The case of *Frost vs. Inhabitants of Belmont* involves a question of great importance in relation to municipal rights and duties, and Mr. Allen has reported it at length, with a full abstract of the very able arguments of counsel; the main point decided in the case is, that the court have jurisdiction in equity, upon a proper case being made, to compel the restoration of money, with interest thereon, to the treasury of a town, which has been taken therefrom and applied to illegal purposes by the officers of the town under a vote of a majority of the inhabitants thereof. It was also held, that services rendered in procuring the passage of an act of legislation by means of secret attempts to secure votes, or sinister or personal influences upon members, are not a legal consideration for a contract.

There is nothing novel in the legal principles discussed in this case, but it is an excellent illustration of the searching power of a court of equity, by its peculiar forms of proceeding, to reach an illegal transaction and compel the restoration of money which had been paid out of the town treasury in a manner that seemed very safe and somewhat adroit. It seems that the town voted to pay the expenses of obtaining their act of incorporation and authorized the treasurer to borrow money for that purpose. On the same day sundry persons presented claims for such expenses, amounting to $8773-72, all of which were at once paid by the town treasurer by checks upon his own funds in the Bunker Hill bank, of which he was director. On the same day he executed one in the name of the town for $9,000, payable to the bank in six months, which he procured to be discounted there on the next day and placed the funds to his credit. The court comment with severity upon the whole transaction, holding it to be illegal, and they especially remark upon some of the items in the bills going to make up the amount expended for procuring of the legislature the act of incorporation—such as one item of $200 and one of $500 charged as paid to "lobby members," one of $1180,42 paid at a house of public entertainment, one of $967,92 for "sundries," and one of $25 for wines. The practice of procuring members of the legislature to act under the influence of what they have eaten and drunk at houses of entertainment tends to render those of them who yield to such influences wholly unfit to act in such cases. The court recognize and approve the well established right to contract and pay for professional services in preparing documents, collecting evidence, making statements of facts or preparing or making oral or written arguments before the legislature or its committees, but not for services in exciting a personal influence with individual members by secret and underhanded means. The court did not consider the president and directors of the Bunker Hill bank as in fault, though they censure the conduct of the town treasurer who was one of the directors, for not giving notice to the character of the note and checks when they were presented for discount. A decree was made that the town treasurer should refund the money to the town treasury for costs; and the inhabitants of the town were enjoined to apply the said money to the payment of the legal debts and liabilities of said town, and to other purposes.

The Temperance Movement.—The Rutland *Herald* of a late date says that the recent efforts made in that village for the enforcement of the prohibitory liquor law, have resulted in the closing up of the principal liquor selling shops, and the general stoppage of dram selling in the others. A case of drunkenness is a rarity. We learn also that in Montpelier and Burlington and other towns in the State, the leading and influential citizens have taken hold of the matter in earnest, determined, as far as possible, to put a stop to the illegal sale of ardent spirits.

In this village we have had liquor-selling and liquor-drinking to such an extent that we have won an unenviable distinction in that line. Our authorities, it is true, have been on the alert, and have done something towards the suppression of the sale of liquor by the prosecution of such cases as have come to their notice. However faithfully they may discharge their duty in this respect, that alone will not cure the evil. Effectually to abate the nuisance there must be a united and earnest effort of the leading, influential citizens of the place. And it would seem that there are reasons and motives enough to prompt them to such an action. Is it not enough to point to those who have gone to unhonored graves in consequence of intemperance? Is it not enough to refer to the scenes of drunkenness that we had in our streets, and the noise and disturbances that have arisen therefrom? Is it not enough that one wretched man should lose his life in the lockup in consequence of the liquor that he drank? Shall more victims be sacrificed? More lives lost? Shall this beautiful village be longer desecrated by the demon of intemperance? Shall we continue to bear the reproach which is cast upon us on account of this alarming evil? Is it not time that our ministers of the Gospel, whose duty it is to preach "temperance" as well as "judgment to come;" and our physicians, whose office it is to care for the health of the people, and our lawyers, who should labor for obedience to the laws, and our merchants and mechanics who desire the prosperity and value the good name of the village, is it not time for all these to unite as one man is concerted, and earnest and persistent efforts to rid this place, of the curse, the misery, and the reproach of rum-selling and rum-drinking? Is there not pride enough among us for the reputation of our village to stir us to action? Is not the desire of our business men for prosperity of the place sufficient to induce them to act in concert? Is not the love of good morals among our preachers and religious men strong enough to move them to and concentrate their energies to save us from the sin and shame of the drinking and selling of that which bring misery and ruin? But we have said enough. We will say no more now. We could not say less and do our duty as the conductor of a public journal.—*Vermont Phœnix.*

Vandalism.—We hear complaints of pickets being broken off and the fences otherwise disfigured, and of trees being girdled and injured in and about our village. These things may sometimes be done thoughtlessly, without consideration of the mischief done, and the offenders need to be taught better; a little instruction at home, or in the schoolroom, or from the pulpit, would do something to stop the evil. But in most cases the offenders know better, and should be punished as the mean and dastardly crime deserves. Let the people be on the watch and catch the rascally barbarians, and have them brought to justice.—*Brattleboro' Phœnix.*

Judiciary Decency.—They have a judge in New York whose name is Barnard, and of whom they are not very proud. This judge lately made a speech in open court which is thus reported in the New York *Transcript*, the legal paper of the city:

"My attention has just been called to an article that appeared in that beastly journal, the *Evening Post*, last evening. With the exception of bailing Cook, it is totally false, and nothing else, moreover, could be expected from a man who publicly keeps a negro mistress.

"I shall take occasion at an early day, and in a public manner, to discuss the character of these rotten vagabonds who live by blackmailing citizens, and designate themselves as connected with the *Evening Post*."

Judge McCunn, we believe, never equalled this either in impropriety or mendacity, and can therfore no longer be called the consummate flower of the elective judiciary system.

A Forgotten Difficulty.—The New York *Evening Post* suggests one objection to the Cleveland nominations which the convention did not think of. General Fremont and General Cochrane are both of New York. But the Constitution says:—

"The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for president and vice-president, one of whom at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves."

The intention doubtless was to have the president and vice-president elected from different States. But, at any rate, *if* New York should vote for Fremont, would not General Cochrane be "out in the cold," in case her vote were necessary to make a majority?

A French officer said that when his troops were on the march he had examined the quarrels between the mules and their drivers, and that, to the shame of humanity, reason was almost always on the side of the mules.